

LITERARY.

THE SEPARATION.

I cannot live, and love thee not—
When far away
From thee I stray,
Should slandering tongue of heedless youth,
Or jealous maid, belie my truth,
Let the false rumor move thee not.
And if, when I am near thee not,
Some busy foe
Shall bid me know
Another bask in my love's smile;
The tale I'll heed not of thy guilt—
Thou canst not change—I fear it not.
No; falsehood can assail thee not—
'T was not th' excess
Of lovelessness
That hems thee round, first fixed thee mine:
It was thy soul, thy love divine,
And truth—these can fail thee not.
Then let our parting grove thee not—
But quell each sigh;
And from thine eye
I'll kiss away the starting tear,
And think, when one short, fleeting year
Is past, I then shall love thee not.
But then, should truth pervade thee not,
I could not brook
Thine altered look;
But, like a bird, by unkind sky
Nipped timelessly, I should drop and die
In silence; but upraised thee not.

A LETTER, MY LOVE!

A Letter, my Love! Oh, send to me
One blessed thought, or a word from thee,
And my heart with joy shall swell,
Like the ocean wave, when over its foam,
From Araby's spice-laden vale doth roam
A breath of the bliss of the fairy home.
In murmuring tones to tell.
A Letter, my Love! Oh, send to me
One blessed thought, or a word from thee,
And with joy my heart shall swell.
A Letter, my Love! Oh, send to me
One blessed thought, or a word from thee,
To prove thou art fondly and truly the same,
And say but "I am well."
To bring sweets from thy lip, and the balm of thy
sigh.
The blush of thy cheek, and the flash of thine eye!
I'll think thou art present, and sorrow shall fly,
While wrapped in fancy's spell.
A Letter, my Love! Oh, send to me
One blessed thought, or a word from thee,
And with joy my heart shall swell.
A Letter, my Love! Oh, send to me
Yet deeper the thought of that hallowed place
Where first we loved so well;
And every word thou hast spoken shall be
More exactly treasured and worshipped by me,
Than the purest of pearls by the maid of the sea,
When she sings to her tuneful shell.
A Letter, my Love! Oh, send to me
One blessed thought, or a word from thee,
And with joy my heart shall swell.

FREEDOM'S LAND.

AWAY the tyrant's proud control;
But come, thou spirit of the free,
And write this motto on my soul—
'O Freedom's land! 'tis the land for me.'
Although a desert were the soil,
And cold as ice the polar sea;
And I deemed there to be no soil—
Still Freedom's land! 'tis the land for me.'
Were slavery's land as rich and fair
As e'er Elysian fields could be,
I would not be a monarch there—
No—Freedom's land! 'tis the land for me.'
When I am laid upon my bier,
May those who bear me all be free;
And let me have a freeman's tear,
If ever one be shed for me.
And in that soil I fondly crave,
Whose sons our heads the slavish kneel,
O may some patriot dig my grave—
For I would rest in dust that is free.
If aught be e'er marked o'er my head,
Write this—'He wished all mankind free.'
And with his latest breath he said,
'O Freedom's land! 'tis the land for me.'

NIGHT-BLOWING FLOWERS.

Children of night, unfolding meekly, slowly,
To the sweet breathings of the shadowy hours,
When dark blue heavens look softest and most holy,
And glow-worm light is in the forest bowers.

To solemn thoughts and deep,
To spirit-lanated deep,
To thoughts, all purified,
From earth ye seem allied,
O dedicated flowers!

Ye, from the crowd your vestal beauty turning,
Keep in dim urns the precious odor shrined,
Till stars be hushed and faithful stars be burning,
And the moon's eye looks down, serenely kind!

So doth love's dreaming heart
Dwell from the throng apart;
And but to shades disclose
The faintest thought which glows,
With its pure life entwined.

Shut from the sounds wherein the day rejoices,
To no triumphant song your petals thrill;
But yield their fragrance with the faint sweet voices,
Rising from hidden fountains when all is still.

So doth lone prayer arise,
Mingling with secret sighs,
When grief unfolds, like you,
Her breast, for heavenly dew,
In silent hours to lie.

[From the Journal of the Institute at Flushing.]

SINCE O'ER THY FOOTSTEPS.

A SACRED MELODY.
Since o'er thy footsteps here below,
Such radiant gems are strown,
O what magnificence must glow,
My God, about thy throne!
So brilliant here these drops of light,
There the full ocean tells how bright!
If night's blue curtain of the sky,
With thousand stars inwrought,
Hang like a royal canopy,
With glittering diamonds fraught,
Be, LORD, thy temple's outer veil,
What splendor at thy shrine must dwell!
The dazzling sun, at noonday hour,
Forth from his flaming tower,
Flinging o'er earth the golden shower,
Till vale and mountain beam,
But show, O LORD, one beam of thine:
What, then, the day where thou dost shine!
Ah, how shall these dim eyes endure
That noon of spirit rays,
Or how my spirit may inspire,
Upon thy glory gaze!
Anoint, O LORD, my eyesight,
And to me for that world of light.

A BLUSH.

'T is love's own eloquence! which speaks
Directly to and from the heart,
Portraying on the modest cheeks,
What trembling lips dare not impart.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HON. DANIEL WEBSTER.

Letter from a Member of Congress to the Editor of the Kentucky Observer.

CONGRESS HALL, Feb. 25, 1834.

DEAR SIR:—I will give you an idea of Webster. He is one of the most difficult men to describe I have seen. When he presented the resolutions from the meeting in Boston against the removal of the deposits, he gave at large his own opinion of the cause, and pointed out the remedy for the impending calamities of the times. I set before him, to see if I could catch that something by which he so interested his audience. It is not any thing peculiarly courteous or engaging in his manner, for he has such a stern simplicity, that he hardly seems conscious that any one is present.

It is not in any dominion which he has over the passions, for he seems to disdain any appeal except to the understanding. It is not because he appears to be exerting all his powers, for you continually believe that he has in reserve much that he does not then choose to use. It is not because his physical powers are put in full motion, for if he uses his hands at all, it is rarely with the exertion of strength, and never with any indication that he places much reliance on that sort of effort. It is not because his whole soul appears engrossed with his subject, for he looks as one just called from the profound contemplation of some other subject, and had for the first time, without design or premeditation, given his thoughts to the question under debate.

How is it, then, that a man can be a powerful orator, deriving not much advantage from action, passion, or zeal? The captivating power of this great man must be in his peculiar simplicity of presenting truth unadorned.

Truths, as he states them, are so clear, so intuitive, so forcible, so simple, so easy of comprehension, that you become satisfied that they are all more potent when they stand thus naked and alone, than they would be if mixed and blended with the most splendid elocution, the richest decorations of fancy, or the deepest tones of pathos, uttered with the finest voice, and accompanied with the most graceful gesticulations. He shows no vanity; makes no parade; uses no art; gives no pompous promise in the index, holds himself as nothing and his subject every thing. Relying implicitly and exclusively upon the power of truth, he seems not to think that his force depends at all upon him; but that his reliance is on that.

But, sir, I despair of making a picture that will represent this extraordinary man, truly. Perhaps it is impossible to describe that mysterious power in which true eloquence consists.

MCDOWALL'S JOURNAL.

This paper is published in the city of New York, and is devoted to moral reform, and especially to an exposition from time to time, of the enormous licentiousness in the city of New-York. It publishes many cases which are shocking, it is true; but which it is necessary, that farmers and others, in the country, who have daughters, liable to be employed as help in that city, should know. It has been patronized and supported by Arthur Tappan, and other philanthropists of moral courage and active benevolence, but has been violently opposed from the beginning, not only by the openly licentious, but by many who maintain an outward decency—under pretence, that it encourages and promotes the very evil, it was intended to remove.

McDowall's Journal has recently been presented by the Grand Jury as a nuisance; and strange to relate, the New-York Observer and Boston Recorder, while they speak well of the motives of its patrons, lend a helping hand in putting it down. The latter papers are two much devoted to dollars and cents, and as they are "neither hot nor cold," in the great and necessary work of reform, it is time for the people to "spew them out." They are cowards and drones, unworthy of the age.

Several ecclesiastical bodies, from a distance, one with Dr. Beecher at the head, have published their testimony in favor of this Journal, and recommend it to the patronage of the christian public.—Lynn Record.

WOMAN. What would'st thou answer, O man, if thou wert interrogated—What upon earth gives man the most pleasure and comfort? Thou would'st answer, it was *Woman*. When man was formed, it was said, 'It is not good that man should be alone,' &c. And we find the same edict contained in human nature. The youth's, may the child's second greatest delight is placed in one of his generation of the fair sex; he loves, and loves *Woman*. He says to himself: I am not born to rove alone—I must have a companion—what that companion must be a *Woman*. She can ease and soothe the anguish of the heart of man, she make soft the pillow though it be hard as stone; and she can give comfort and happiness beyond description. She is the object of man's love—and she alone should be it. She loves too. But who can describe the tenderness, the kindness and friendship, which accompany her passion? She loves, and if there is a love next to the love of our Creator, it is the love of woman to man. Woman—the fairest of heaven's creation, likened only to those who fly around the eternal throne in white—purity—the holy ones—angels. Without her, man is left alone. He is not a man—he is only his shadow.

Dinner to Mr. O'Connell, at Cork.—On Monday week, a public dinner was given to Mr. O'Connell, by his friends and admirers at Cork. Upwards of two hundred persons were present. On Mr. O'Connell's health being drunk, he returned thanks, in a long speech; in the course of which he said, 'It delights me to have such an opportunity to send forth my voice in words which will be heard from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear—which will be borne across the waters of the Western Channel—which will reach the British Minister at Westminster, and will announce to him who dares to trample upon Ireland, that though we bore it once, we will bear it never again. I am not the man to recommend physical force—I am not the apostle of armed resistance; but this I say, that when the coercion bill once ceases to exist in existence, my heart's blood shall be upon the bayonet's point of him who shall endeavor to carry it again into execution.'

To a playful friend who inquired of us the other day, says the Mobile Advertiser of the 8th inst., what word there is in the English language, in which the vowels, a, e, i, o, u, y, occurred only once and in their regular order, we answer, there are two words of that description, viz. facetiously and abstemiously. In return we inquire what word there is in our language in which the letter e is used five times?

'Man that is born of a woman!' is so beautiful, and tender, and solemn an expression, that in the whole compass of language, there is not another, connected with terrestrial existence, that awakens deeper feelings, that associates so many affecting ideas, or comprehends more of what is lovely and awful, and dear, in alliance with our social nature; while it touches with personal application every individual of the species.

CONNUBIALITIES.

Love is the epitome of our whole duty; and all the endearments of society, so long as they are lawful and honest, are not only consistent with, but parts and expressions of it.

Marriage enlarges the scene of our happiness or misery; the marriage of love is pleasant, the marriage of interest easy, and a marriage where both meet, happy.

Women go further in love than men, but men outstrip them in friendship.

Reciprocal love is justice; constant love is fortitude; secret love is prudence.

It is the hardest thing in love to feign it where it is not, or hide it where it is; but it is easier counterfeited than concealed.

The face of her we love is the fairest of sights, and her voice is the sweetest harmony in the world.

A man is more reserved on his friend's concerns than his own; a woman, on the contrary, keeps her own secret better than another's.

Abstinence is to love, what fasting is to the body; a little stimulates it, but a long abstinence is fatal.

Alcibiades being astonished at Socrates' patience, asked him how he could endure the perpetual scolding of his wife? 'Why,' said he, 'as they do who are accustomed to the ordinary noise of wheels to draw water.'

In marriage prefer the person before wealth, virtue before beauty, and the mind before the body; then you have a wife, a friend, and a companion.

Horrible Catastrophe. We learn from Gloucester, that about 10 or 12 days ago, a laboring man of the name of Walker, a widower, with four children, living in the lower part of that county, went out to spend the evening at a neighbor's, a few miles off, previous to which he put the children to bed and locked up the house. Before his return, the house took fire (in what manner is unknown) and dreadful to relate, all four of the children perished in the flames, before assistance could reach the spot. A family living about a mile distant, seeing the blaze, hastened to it, and reached the burning pile just in time to catch a glimpse, through one of the windows, of the eldest boy, (about 12 years of age) in the act of bearing his little sister towards the window, and in the same moment to witness the horrid spectacle of the falling in of the roof, and the overwhelming of all the dear little innocents in the common mass of blazing ruins! But the tale of woe ends not here: the father on hearing of the fate of his little ones, became frantic, and in a delirium of grief, rushed forth, through the gloom of night, in the wild accents of despair exclaiming—'I will find my children! They shall not be separated from me!' Several days had elapsed, and no tidings were heard of him. At the date of our information it was generally believed that the unfortunate man had terminated his life—probably by drowning himself in York river, near the margin of which the tragical scene occurred.—*Norfolk Herald*.

The Fossil Ship lately discovered bedded in the earth at New-Romney on the Coast of England, has greatly excited public curiosity. The earth has been removed so that the whole shape and form of the vessel may be inspected. It is 54 feet long by 24 wide, 'clinker built and tunnel fastened,' having only one mast. Skulls and bones, human and brute, have been found on board, and one account says that pieces of rope have been found retaining the smell of tar. Many of the timbers are solid, and when cut with a saw are as firm as new wood. Various conjectures as to the time of the loss of this vessel has been started, based upon comparisons and analogies. An account drawn from historical annals dates it in the month of October, in the reign of Henry the third. At that time a violent storm occurred; the shipwreck of numerous vessels is mentioned, and among them the 'swallowing up' of several by the waves, at this spot. It is therefore correctly traced, this fossil ship has re-appeared after being buried nearly six hundred years.—*Bath Amicus*.

'I have no Friends.' So said the Factory Girl, as she reluctantly drew on her bonnet and departed from the presence of her overseer. She had been discharged—been 'turned out of employment,' from the present melancholy state of business. Her overseer advised her to go home to her friends,—she replied, 'kind sir, I have no friends.' Such cases excite all the sympathy of the soul—to look upon a poor female, cast upon the cold and unfeeling world destitute of work, without a friend or home, it is a scene which we do not love to witness. But such scenes we are sorry to say we have witnessed—the industrious poor are now left without employment or home, with nothing but want and wretchedness staring them in the face. Where the end to this unparalleled suffering may be we cannot dare not foretell.—*Woolsocket Patriot*.

Humorous Reproof.—A late nobleman, in whose character vanity and parsimony were the most remarkable features, was for a long time in the habit of retailing the produce of his dairy and his orchard to the children and poor people of his neighborhood. It is told that on one day seeing a very pretty female child tripping through his ground with a milk pail, he stopped to kiss her; after which he said in pompous tones—'Now, my dear, you may tell your grand children, and tell them to tell their grand children in their turn, that you had once the honor of receiving a kiss from the Right Honorable the Earl of B—.'

The girl looked up in his face, and with a strange mixture of simplicity and archness, remarked—'But ye took the penny for the milk, though.'

New York Election. The excitement at the charter election in the city of New-York, which commenced on Tuesday and closed on Thursday, was unparalleled in the history of party contests in that place. The stores were closed, the Exchange was deserted, all business was laid aside, and Pearl street, which seemed a similar appearance to that of the most mortal period of the Cholera. During the first day, at the fifteen places of deposit, 20,306 votes were received, and not a moment of the time were there less than fifty, and from that to 900 persons waiting to hand in their votes. At the last election in November, there were but 16,793 votes polled in all the three days.—*Traveler*.

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The trial of Carrera, alias Constant Polari, for stealing the jewels of the Princess of Orange, commenced at the Hague, on the 7th of March. The crowd was immense. After an examination of several witnesses on the part of the prosecution, the Procurer General proceeded to develop his charge, and comment upon the prisoner's offences. He concluded by calling on the Court to award the punishment prescribed by law for his offence, which is 'exposition upon the scaffold [the pillory, we suppose,] and to be condemned to hard labor for 16 years.' The prisoner's counsel then made an eloquent appeal in his behalf, after which the Court adjourned to the following day. The result has not yet come to hand.

Malta, Feb. 18.—An English schooner, the Meteor, while discharging a cargo of gunpowder from London at the Marina, blew up this morning with fearful effects. Her cargo was 300 bbls. three of which were stove during the passage, from the vessel having experienced very bad weather, and 300 lbs. of the powder was consequently strewn loosely about the hold; all the rest had been conveyed away. As it is, this has caused the sudden destruction of 28 persons, whose bodies have been already discovered. Among them are the captain, two merchants, and a custom house officer.

Curious Agency.—A letter, published in the Journal of Commerce, from an emigrant from the United States, now residing in Texas, describes the country a Paradise, and urges his friends to come and enjoy with him the fat of the land. He writes, 'Be sure to bring out all the books you have, or can get hold of. Bring out all the vegetables, garden and fruit seeds you can. Also, one wife for me, handsome, &c. Mother knows what will suit me.'

Indian Eloquence.—The following specimen of elegant pathos was delivered by an Indian over the contiguous graves of her husband and infant: 'The Father of Life and of Light has taken from me the apple of my eye and the core of my heart, and hid them in these two graves. I will moisten the one with my tears, and the other with the milk of my breast, till I meet them again in that country where the sun never sets.'

A Female Lawyer.—In the Dublin Court of Exchequer, a few days ago, Mr. Martley, K. C. applied to the court in a case in which a Mrs. Reynolds was concerned, when, to the surprise of the court, the lady stood up and addressed their lordships, and produced such an impression upon them by her very clear statement that Mr. Martley's motion was refused. The lady subsequently applied that Mr. Martley's motion might be discharged with costs!

Portland.—The election of Municipal officers in Portland, on Friday, resulted in the success of the Anti-administration candidates by majorities of about 400. Mr. Cutter, the Anti-Jackson candidate for Mayor, received 1233 votes. Mr. Anderson, the Jackson candidate, received 817. Last year, Mr. Dow, the National Republican candidate for Mayor, had 709 votes, and Mr. Anderson, who was elected, 783.

King William has ordered busts of Nelson and Wellington to be placed in the Royal Gallery at Windsor Castle, from the chisel of Chantry. The former is to find an appropriate pedestal from the mast of the Victory.

A body of five hundred sailors, friendly to the Bank, paraded a ship with flying colors through the streets of New-York on Monday.

The ship Pagoda, Low, hence for Valparaiso, with a cargo valued at over 100,000 dollars, was run down on the ninth day out and abandoned.

Benjamin, a colored man, aged about 22 years, fell from Arch street wharf, on Saturday, in attempting to throw a rope to a steam boat. His body was recovered, and Mr. Charles Champion expended much time in a vain attempt to resuscitate him.—*Philadelphia paper*.

Ellwood Jacobs, a colored man, was accidentally drowned on Thursday evening, about 9 o'clock, by falling from a wharf above Arch street. The improvements contemplated by Mr. Girard, will prevent many such accidents. *Ibid.*

MORAL.

CHRISTIANITY THE ONLY CURE FOR PRIEST-CRAFT.

Priest-craft may be defined—Any system of influence, maintained by religious officers or others, under the assumed sanction of the name of God, which is not authorized by evidence that can be demonstrated, and which may not be so resolved into the authority of God alone. According to this definition, it may be observed; 1. That priest-craft is as old as sin; and as wide, in its seminal existence and tendencies, as the depravity of men. They reason most perversely who charge it in any sense on christianity: for (1) It ordinarily abounds most (though never most hated) where christianity is least known and possesses no influence. It is the very soul and body of paganism. The Druids, as Caesar's Commentaries tell every school-boy, practised a most perfect system in the British Islands before Christianity, as such, was known in the world. Chaldean, Egyptian, Troy, Carthage, the cities of Greece, the story of pagan Rome, the altars and oracles of heathenism, the facts of universal history, and the false worship of the nations since the age of Nimrod, all attest it. An illegitimate spiritual regency, a system of imposture with its mistagogue or its hierophant, its priest or its priestess, in gorgeous and glaring or simple and 'plain' habiliments, is the brief description of false religion in its apostate and benighted world. This is priest-craft. It is the disguise of the devil as the great deceiver of the nations. But (2) How can christianity be opposed for this? There is no system like christianity. It is its own original. It exposes, denounces, excommunicates, all priest-craft; and has really taught even infidels among us, all they know in principle against its evil nature and impious usurpations. I observe 2. That christianity is THE ONLY CURE FOR PRIEST-CRAFT. Man is 'a religious animal,' as philosophers tell us. It is true, he has a conscience; it is a mass of wants and fears; it is weak and knows it, even against his vanity and his vaunting; infers by necessity the existence of a superior power, from the attestations of the visible universe; is a moral being and a sinful one, and knows both—even when he *cons* neither; as mutual censure, and mutual extermination, and mutual ambition of praise, every where demonstrate; and he will have a religion of some sort. All history proves it. If not the true, he will have a false one; and he prefers a false one notoriously! Yet, just in proportion as you indulge his preference, you will morally imbrute and degrade him; you will make him servile, superstitious, sanguinary;

you will indulge priest-craft of some sort, and facilitate the irruption of every sort and every degree of that ruinous and soul-murdering leaven! What shall we do? What is the inference? Where the alternative? It is plain, as the vision of angels to the shepherds of Bethlehem; sweet, as the music of their song; efficacious, as the salvation of their Prince: Give him Christianity; pure, lucid, full; and man will be neither slave, nor simperton, nor comparatively sinner.—Christianity is the grand catholicism; the only one under heaven that deserves the name; the only one that abhors all quackery, all false profession, all forged certificates, all money-making imposture, all abuse; the only catholicism that meets the case, suits the wants, equals the malady, restores the ruin, answers the intellect, and reinstates the total being of man in the perfection of his God. True, it does not operate mechanically; nor by chemical affinity; nor by electrical conductors; nor by magical effect. It is alone by contact with the mind, that it generates its own transcendent good. It does not profess, by mere proximity, or local residence, or geographical classification, or pious ancestral enmity, to restore and save us. By understanding it, loving it, doing it; and in no other way, are its eternal restorative excellences directly realized to a human being. Where then or when was there ever a proper instance of failure? To understand, and love, and do, its truth, is the philosophy of experimental religion. Where not so entertained, it does not profess to confer the benefit. Whence I observe, once more, 3. That the only genuine enemies of priest-craft on the globe, are true enlightened Christians; and thus, just in proportion to their real conformity to the Gospel, that infallible institute of God. Hence these are steadily and comparably the only friends of diffusing the scriptures; of enlightening the people; of circulating sound intelligence; of multiplying and universalizing the facilities of knowledge; of correct and many reasoning; of proving what they hold and what they teach, inducing the people every where to be 'more noble than those in Thessalonica, receiving the word with all readiness of mind, and searching the scriptures daily, whether those things are so?'

of exposing all imposture; of having their own credentials searched; and of having Jesus Christ, and not themselves, glorified in the salvation of men; saying, 'not for that we have dominion over your faith, but are helpers of your joy: for by faith ye stand.'

Again, I observe, 4. That infidels and heretics, great and small, are the greatest patrons of sectarianism and priest-craft in territorial Christendom. This paradox is still a truth. They are, it may be, opposed to all sectarianism—except their own; since they are themselves a sect; and their interests are as completely one as were those of Herod and Pilate—when Christ is to be put down or slain! Under their nominal guise of opposing sectarianism, they cloak their spiritual theocracy, their opposition to all religion, and to God himself: they wish to put down christianity, and put up the priest-craft of infidel sincerity, philosophizing atheism, and the apotheosis of reason! How silly the victims of their devices! They would take from all the shield and all the sword we either have or desire, against the very priest-craft of which they are the vaunted enemies; 'the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God,' and 'the shield of faith' invincible in combat.—*Rev. Dr. Cox*.

DR. GARDINER, No. 19, Povey-street, between 5th and 6th streets, and between Pine & Spruce, PHILADELPHIA.

GRATEFUL for the liberal patronage received, and soliciting a continuance of the same, offers his services and advice in all cases of disease, having been successful in practice, and having a general experience in Medical Botany.

He offers his vegetable preparations to the public, viz. Lobelia, 1st, 2d and 3d preparations; Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 Slippery Elm Bark; Composition Powders; Nerve Powders; Cough Powders; Fever Powders; Tooth Powder; Vegetable Powder for headache; Cancer Salve, and others used for every kind of sores; Strengthening Plasters; Emollient Tincture; Vermifuge, very pleasant to the taste; Asthmatic Tincture; Red Lining; Rheumatic Drops; Toothache Drops; Anti-Mercurel Syrup, which cures radically all diseases arising from impurities of the blood, mercurial diseases, scrofula, &c.; Dr. Gardiner's Pulmonic Syrup for colds and coughs; with several Indian Preparations for consumption, rheumatism, &c. These medicines will cure the following diseases—Cramp, gout, rheumatism, hooping cough, croup, asthma, pleurisy, dysentery, worms, summer complaints so destructive to children, dyspepsia, or indigestion, the causes of decay or consumption, St. Anthony's fire or erysipelas, liver complaints, gravel, chills or fever and ague, bilious remittant; and, in short, any kind of fever, or any complaint, readily yield to these vegetable medicines—king's evil, dropsy, nervous affections, mensties, small pox, &c.

Dr. Gardiner is aware that there are many spurious remedies offered every day to the public, and that many, anxious to obtain relief, have been deceived by such impostures, and from that circumstance may be inclined to treat these medicines as another imposture. He is also aware of the force of the prejudice of education, and predilections in favor of popular opinions and customs in medicine, &c. To such he will observe, that he does not say that they are infallible in every case; but he solicits for them a fair trial—and they who make use of them in one disease, will prefer them in every other complaint; and to those who shall take them and follow the directions strictly, for a specified time, and receive no essential benefit, he offers a few names of persons well known, in whose families and among whose acquaintance his medicines have been used with success, to whom persons interested may refer.

Rev. Charles W. Gardiner, Richard Howell, Rev. Simon Murray, Ignatius Beck, Rev. Jeremiah Durham, John F. Lewis, Rev. Durhan Stevens, John Bowler, Rev. Prince G. Laws, Parris Salters, Rev. Charles Bohannon, Jacob Gilmore, Rev. Elijah Smith, George Menoken.

Dr. Gardiner has received a large number of Certificates from persons who have used his medicines, in various diseases, with complete success. Philadelphia, Jan. 1, 1834.

LADIES MUSICAL WORK BOXES. Lately received from France, a very excellent article. For sale by J. B. PERO,

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MOTT'S Patent Medicated and Chemical Medicine. These Baths are well known to the medical faculty as being patronized by the most eminent Physicians of Europe and Asia, and are considered in the Oriental Empires as the greatest luxury they enjoy, being a preventative as well as a cure of contagious diseases—and they are now introduced in the United States in a new and perfect form, and with the greatest confidence of success. These Baths are adapted according to the disease—they are open to the public, and will be administered to families or individuals, under the direction, or according to the prescription of the physician.

Dr. Mott will undertake the cure (with the relief) of all Chronic Diseases, (whether of long or short standing) Cancers, Abscesses, internal or external, Gout, Rheumatism, The Dolorous Cancers, Impotencies, and other complaints incident to the human frame.

Dr. M. will personally superintend the various Baths, and attend to the prescriptions of the Medical Gentlemen in behalf of their patients.

Without boasting of the cures that have been performed, or pretending to any wonderful knowledge, he would merely say, he would be happy to render the Baths, and the system of Medicine itself, useful to the Medical Talent of Boston, leaving it to an enlightened public to decide.

Those spacious premises have been fitted up with great expense, at the corner of Lynde and Cambridge Streets, and other places have been purchased to be fitted up as auxiliary establishments. It may be proper to state, that no mercury or mineral preparations are used—no hot medicines, or cold water—but it is in fact, an union of the principles of the Materia Medica with the Hermetic Medicine—therefore called Vegetable.

Teeth and Corns; he will undertake to extirpate scientifically, Bunions on the joints, compound or cancerous Toe Nails, and other diseases of the Feet, diseases of the Eyes, &c.

Mr. Patients only attended to by me, Mrs. Mott, the Females and Children. No out door cases can be attended to.

N. B. Agents may purchase Patent Rights for villages, towns, or cities, in any part of the United States, with a guarantee exclusive—together with the Medicines and Book of Directions, by applications to DR. MOTT, corner of Lynde and Cambridge-streets, March 23.

THE LADIES' MEDICAL ORACLE.

MRS. MOTT'S ADVICE TO YOUNG FEMALES, WIVES, AND MOTHERS, in a Non-Medical Commentary on the Cause, Prevention, and Cure of the Diseases of the Female Frame: together with an explanation of her system of European Vegetable Medicine for the cure of diseases, and the patent Medicated Chamomile Bath; which is added an explanation of the Gift, and an exposition of the numerous fabricated reports, 'a weak invention of the enemy.'

'The Lord hath created Medicines out of the earth; and he that is wise will not shut them.' (Ecclesiasticus, xxxviii. 4.)

Printed and published for the Author, and to be had only of her, at her residence at the corner of Lynde and Cambridge-streets, Boston. *tf* March 23.

JOHN B. PERO.

No. 2 & 3, DOCK SQUARE, (Near the City Tavern, Boston.)

HAS for sale the following articles, which he offers to sell low.

250 boxes French Cologne; 200 German Homes; 140 boxes Fancy Soap; 30 dozen Razors, of various stamps; Emerson's Razor Strops; Naples Soap; Old English Windsor Soap; French Hair Powder; Maccassar Oil; Antique Oil; Ward's Vegetable Hair Oil; Florida Water—Honey de Lavender do; Shaving Brushes—Teeth do; Lip Salve; Dressing Combs; Pocket do; Pocket Books and Wallets; Suspenders; Gloves; Stocks and Collars; Linen Bosoms and Collars; Powder Puffs; Otto of Rose; Teeth Powder.

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Boots and Shoes, in the most fashionable style, of the best materials and workmanship, made to order at the shortest notice. PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 2, 1833.

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